

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes®

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NO. 13

Western

THE ROOTIN'
TOOTIN'
STRAIGHTEST
SHOOTIN'
WRANGLER
OF THE WEST
GABS HIS WAY
INTO YOUR
HEART!



CHIEF GRAY MATTER

NO
CHANGE!

(GROAN) HERE COMES THE
BIGGEST BIG MOUTH IN THE
COUNTRY! THERE'S ONLY ONE
HORSE SHOWOFF AROUND
HERE AND THAT'S
HIS SON!

HOWDY, CHIEF GRAY
MATTER! I RECKON
I'LL GIVE YUH A
WREAK AND SPEND
A FEW MINUTES
WITH YOU!

THE BIGGEST BREAK
YOU COULD GIVE ME IS
NOT TO BOTHER
ME!

SAY, CHIEF, HAVE YUH
SEEN MY SON SINCE
HE'S COME BACK
FROM THE COAST?

YES, I'VE
SEEN HIM!

TELL ME, DO
YUH THINK HE'S
CHANGED MUCH
IN THE YEAR
HE'S BEEN
AWAY?

NO, HE
HAIN'T
CHANGED
AT ALL!
BUT HE
THINKS
HE HAS!

HUH? WHAT
DO YUH
MEAN?

WELL...

... HE'S ALWAYS TALKING
ABOUT WHAT A FOOL
HE USED TO BE!!

GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL SIBERSON

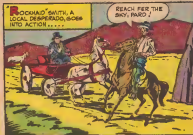
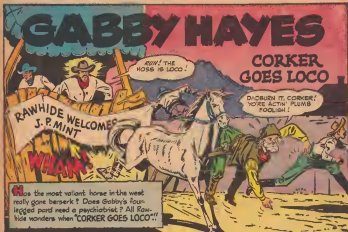
Editor
C. V. WOOD

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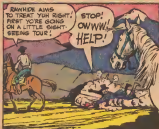
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
present the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



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CORNER, RACES TOWARD RANWIDE TO WARN GABBY!



IF MINT PUTS UP THE MONEY WE CAN BUILD A NEW DAMPER, RANWIDE AND DOUBLE THE VALUE OF THE TOWN!



MEANWHILE, IN RANWIDE...

AS HEAD OF THE WELCOME COMMITTEE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF J.P. MINT. WE GOTTA MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON HIM, SO BEHAVE YOURSELVES!



WELCOME J.P. MINT



IF ANYBODY CAN CONVINCE J.P. I CAN! IT'S A CASE OF ONE BIG MAN MEETING ANOTHER!



HEY! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!



LOOK OUT! CONSIDERED HORN IS CHASIN' RIGHT INTO THE CROWD!



ON! SHOOT THE BETTER BEFORE HE HURTS SOMEBODY!

SEE-HEE-EE!

PUT THEM SHOOTIN' IRONS AWAY, IDIOTS! CORNER JUST CAME HERE TO SAY HELLO!



STEADY, OLE HORN! DON'T GET SO RAM-RUNCTIONS! WE GOTTA BE RIGHT DISMISSED WHEN MONEY BAGS MINT GETS HERE! CALM DOWN!



SEE-HEE-EE!











GABBY HAYES WESTERN



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HOPALONG CASSIDY



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GABBY HAYES WESTERN

BUSHWHACKER

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



SLOWLY, the little creek-side cabin came into view. Buck Desmond reined in his bay horse and looked it over. Strange . . . there was no sign of life around the cabin! Its door hung loosely open, and, as Buck watched, a pair of red squirrels ran noisily across its threshold out into the sunlight.

"It sure doesn't look as if Dakota Lee's at home," the wandering cowboy mused. "And yet, when I passed by three weeks ago, he said he'd be here for another month." Swinging a long leg over the saddle, Buck dismounted.

He walked up to the cabin and took a look inside.

Everything was in disorder, and covered with a layer of dust. Several bales of furs, roughly bound together, lay against one wall. And, lying by the cabin door were several traps, uncoiled and rusting. Buck shook his head. "Dakota's a mighty methodical old trapper," he said to himself. "Just about as persnickety as a housewife. He wouldn't leave his cabin like this."

Wondering, the tall lean cowhand walked out into the clearing that fronted on the deep pine woods. Just a few yards away, down a steep incline, ran a swift-moving creek, its waters swelled by the recent rains. Casually, Buck Desmond looked down at the water and then he saw a blot of red color down by the creek side! It was a man's flannel shirt, half hidden by a huge boulder at the water's edge!

Swiftly, Buck scrambled down the slippery clay bank. As he approached the boulder, his lips grew tight. For now he could see that it was old Dakota Lee lying there, his body half-washed by the rushing creek waters. "Must have been here for a week," Buck said to himself. "Poor old critter." The white-haired trapper was holding a metal pail, still tightly gripped in his right hand, and on his forehead was an ugly bruise.

Buck squatted beside his old friend.

"I reckon he must have slipped going down the bank," he said. "Hit his head on the boulder and never woke up." He shook his head slowly. "Mean way to cash in your chips."

Then, all at once, he saw something strange. There was a hole in the metal pail—a clean, round little hole—a bullet hole! Buck's jaw set. He reached out a sinewy hand and slowly lifted the flannel shirt from the old trapper's back. He let the shirt fall again, and rose from the ground.

"Four bullet holes! One in the pail and three in Dakota Lee's back!"

"THAT'S THE STORY, sheriff," Buck finished. As soon as he had buried his friend, he had ridden into the town of Graybar, thirty miles away.

The sheriff's brow knit. "Buck, how come there weren't any bullet holes in the shirt?"

Buck Desmond leaned forward. "I figured that out, Tom. Whoever shot old Dakota was a bushwhacker. Lay in wait in the undergrowth and shot him from behind. Then the varmint put another shirt on him, put the pail in his hand, and planted him down by the creek's edge. Reckoned that it would be a while before the trapper was discovered . . . and that maybe folks'd never know it was anything but an accident."

"Must have been a mean one," Sheriff Tom Gregg said. "Why'd he do it, Buck?"

Buck Desmond slapped a hard hand against the oak desk.

"Furs!" he replied. "When I saw Dakota a while before, he told me he'd had a good trapping season. Plenty of silver foxes and minks—a real bonanza. Yes, when I looked the cabin over, there were just a few bales of second rate furs . . . muskrats, rabbit, and a few poor fox skins. Whoever did the job skimmed off the

best of Dakota's catch, figuring it wouldn't be known."

The sheriff nodded. "Sounds likely. But what can we do, Buck?"

"Nothing . . . till we find out who did the job. Tell me this, Tom. Which trappers came in this week with a good haul? Not just an average catch—but with a prime lot of pelts?"

"Three, I reckon. Ray Dawson, from up in the White Branch country. Blackfoot Pete, the Indian trapper. And Big Dave Meagher. They all had fine catches! Surprised us all! They're all staying down at the Graybar Hotel!"

"Good!" Buck said. He drew his chair closer to the sheriff's desk. "There's only one way to find the guilty hombre, Tom, so let's try it. Tonight, I reckon all three will be in the bar of the hotel. Suppose you be down there—around nine o'clock. I'll come in, and . . ."

AT NINE O'CLOCK, Sheriff Tom Gregg waited in the bar of the Graybar Hotel. As he had expected, there was a crowd of trappers who had come to town to sell their furs—and among them were Ray Dawson, Blackfoot Pete and Big Dave Meagher. They were sitting at different tables.

Suddenly, the front door of the bar slammed open.

There stood Buck Desmond, his face white and angry. Quickly, his eyes searched the room, till they found Tom Gregg. "Sheriff!" he exclaimed. "They told me you'd be here."

With long strides he crossed the room. "I just rode in from the Rocky Bend country," he barked. "I came down fast because I've got news about a murder!"

"What's that?" The sheriff half-rose. "That's right," Buck said grimly. "A murder. I rode past old Dakota Lee's cabin . . . and found him there with three bullet wounds in his back. He'd been bushwhacked and robbed, and left for dead by the creek edge. But he dragged himself up to the cabin somehow and lived long enough to tell me the name of the man who did it!"

There was a sudden, dead silence in the barroom.

Chairs scraped harshly on the rough-beamed floor and men moved slowly so their backs were against the wall. From the corner of his eye, Buck watched slowly. Ray Dawson . . . Blackfoot Pete . . . Big Dave Meagher. Was it

his imagination or was Dawson edging toward the door?

The sheriff stood up, his face drawn in harsh lines.

"He told you who did it? Who was it, Buck?" The rambling cowboy swiftly moved to his side and whispered in his ear. Then the sheriff turned toward the trappers who stood by the bar and sat at the tables.

His voice was steely hard, and his gaze was piercing as he moved forward, step by step.

"Gents," he said, "it looks as if I've got to arrest . . ."

He never finished the sentence! With an angry bellow, Big Dave Meagher rose from his seat, and hurled the table forward, chips and all. It rammed into the sheriff's middle, knocking him off balance. Pistols flailing, the huge trapper lunged for the door. He was almost there, bulling his way through the surprised crowd, when a strong hand reached out to pinion his wrist.

"Come back here," Buck Desmond gritted. "We've got a score to settle, Meagher."

The husky trapper clawed at the pistol at his waist. "It'll be a pleasure, Desmond!" But before the .45 came clear, Buck Desmond slammed a mighty right to Meagher's jaw. Without a moment's respite, Buck followed up with a barrage of pile-driving, relentless blows to Big Dave's midsection.

Grunting with pain, the bushwhacker aimed a deadly kick at Buck's face. But the cowhand caught the other man's ankle and twisted it with all his strength. Flying helplessly through the air, Meagher thudded into the barroom wall, head first.

He slid to the floor and lay there, unconscious.

BUCK stood over him, rubbing his knuckles slowly. "It's not much to pay for shooting an old man in the back," he mused. "But I reckon the law will take care of the rest."

"It will, Buck!" said Sheriff Tom Gregg. "But if your bluff hadn't fooled Meagher into showing his hand, I don't reckon we'd ever have caught the killer!"

THE END

*Ride the western plains with BUCK
DESMOND in every issue of GABBY HAYES
WESTERN!*

GABBY HAYES

and

Paul's Burion

I'M **BIG PAUL**,
THE TERROR OF THE
NORTH WOODS! I CAN
LUCK ANY COCKEYED
COWBOY IN TOWN!

LET'S HEAVE
THIS WINDBRAG BACK
TO HIS WOODPILE! HE
BRAGS AS MUCH AS
GABBY HAYES!

AS SOON AS BIG PAUL
SETS FOOT IN RAWHIDE
THE TOWN ROCKS WITH
VIOLENCE, AND IT'S ALL
BECAUSE OF
Paul's
Burion!



AND I FEEL MEAN!
NO COYOTE'S AS
CRNKY AS I AM!



SAY! THAT'S
RAWHIDE'S
ONLY
LAMP POST!

GOOD!





I NEED A TOOTHPICK!

ULP! HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT!



UGH! WHAT AWFUL MUSIC! SOUNDS LIKE A SICK CATAMOUNT!

TOUCHY HOMBRE, ISN'T HE?



SHUT OFF THAT CATERWAULING DOOJIGGER!

HUH?



WHAT'S MORE, I CAN'T STAND YELLER WALLS!

DON'T TRY TO STOP HIM! HE'S TOO STRONG!



NEWS OF THE RAMPAGING LUMBERJACK REACHES GABBY.

WE'RE HELPLESS AGAINST HIM, GABBY! THAT ISN'T A BIT OF AMMUNITION LEFT IN TOWN SINCE THE WAREHOUSE BURNED DOWN!

DINGBUST IT! YUH DON'T NEED BULLETS! YUH NEED BRAINS!



IF I WUZ SHERIFF, I'D RUN THAT BIG HAVERICK OUT OF TOWN INSIDE ONE HOUR!

OH, GABBY! SHERIFF SLIM DAGGLES WANTS YOU!



GABBY HURRIES TO SLIM'S OFFICE...

GABBY, I'M LAID UP WITH THE CONSUMED FEVER, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOTTA STOP BIG PAUL FRONTO!





AWK! HE
SNAPPED THE
ROPE WITH HIS
CHEST!



WASN'T SO
EASY, EH,
GABBY? NOW
YUH'LL STOP
BRAGGING!

DAPBURN IT!
I GOTTA THINK
OF SOMETHING
SMART!



GABBY SOON COMES UP
WITH A BRIGHT IDEA!

AND
BIG PAUL
IS RIGHT
IN HIS
PATH!



Wahoo! Watch this!
The bull will chase
that dingbusted
woodchopper clear
out of town!

SNORT!



SOCK!



HAW!
HAW!

ULP!
YUH FLOPPED
AGAIN, GABBY!
MAKE GOOD ON
YORE BRAGGING
PRONTO, OR WE'LL
RUN YUH OUT
OF TOWN!



IT TAKES MORE THAN TWO FAILURES
TO DISCOURAGE GABBY. A FEW
MINUTES LATER, AFTER SETTING
UP SOME BEAR TRAPS ALONG THE
STREET...

BIG PAUL SEEMS TO
HAVE ONLY ONE WEAK POINT—
HIS BUNION! THESE BEAR
TRAPS OUGHT TO PUT HIM
OUT OF ACTION!



YEOW!
MY BUNION!

YIPPEE!
THAT GOT
HIM!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



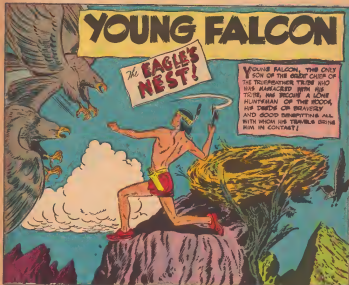
GABBY HAYES WESTERN



YOUNG FALCON

The **EAGLE'S NEST!**

YOUNG FALCON, THE ONLY SON OF THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE TRUEFEATHER TRIBE WHO WAS MARRIED WITH HIS TRIBE, HAS BECOME A LONE HUNTERMAN OF THE WOODS, HIS DEEDS OF BRAVERY AND GOOD DISCRETION ALL WITH WHOM HIS TRAVELS BRING HIM IN CONTACT!



ONE DAY, IN THE FOOTHILLS, YOUNG FALCON COMES UPON AN INDIAN YOUTH DEFENDANT AND DEFECTED!

GOOD DAY, FRIEND! WHY SO SAD?

OH---I KNEW NOT THAT I WAS BEING WATCHED!

MY NAME IS YOUNG FALCON; PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU. WHAT IS IT?

YOUNG FALCON---I OH, OFTEN I HAVE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR BRAVE DEEDS. I WILL TELL YOU MY STORY, QUICKLY.

MY TRIBE IS A SMALL ONE AND THE TRAPPING AND HUNTING HAS NOT BEEN GOOD ALL SEASON. WHAT FURS WE MANAGED TO COLLECT HE SOLD FOR A BAG OF GOLD PIECES. I WAS GIVEN THE BAG OF GOLD PIECES TO TAKE TO TOWN TO BUY OUR WINTER'S SUPPLY OF FOOD. I STARTED OUT AND...



I BEING A LONG TRIP, I CARRIED A SMALL SUPPLY OF FOOD AND MEAT. FOR SAFETY, I TIED THE BAG OF GOLD PIECES TO THE FOOD POUCH AND CARRIED THEM BOTH AT MY WAIST. AFTER WALKING MANY HOURS ---

I AM HUNGRY AND THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT FOR CAMPING!

I REMOVED THE FOOD POUCH AND PUT IT ON THE GROUND WITH THE BAG OF GOLD PIECES STILL TIED TO IT...

I'LL FIND A FEW THINGS FOR A LITTLE FIRE, NOW.

I D JUST TURNED AROUND WHEN I HEARD A GREAT, SWISHING SOUND. I WHIRLED TO SEE A HUGE EAGLE DESCEND LIKE A COMET AND SEIZE MY FOOD POUCH AND THE GOLD BAG TIED TO IT---

STOP!
STOP!!!

AND SO THAT IS MY TALE! I HAVE LOST THE ONLY MONEY MY PEOPLE HAD! I MUST RETURN WITHOUT OUR SUPPLIES. I SHALL BE BANISHED FROM THE TRIBE! IS IT ANY WONDER, NOW, THAT MY HEART IS HEAVY?

NO, IT IS VERY CLEAR! BUT PERHAPS WE CAN STILL RETRIEVE YOUR BAG OF GOLD PIECES. THE EAGLE HAS UNDOUBTEDLY TAKEN THE FOOD POUCH AND GOLD BAG TO HIS NEST.

THERE, YOUNG FALCON, ON THE HIGHEST CRAG OF THE PEAKS IS THE EAGLE'S NEST. NO MAN HAS EVER CLIMBED THOSE SHARP STEEP CRAGS, AND EVEN IF THE NEST COULD BE REACHED, THE PIERCE EAGLES WOULD FLING A MAN TO HIS DEATH OR CLAW HIM TO SHREDS!

WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, BUT STILL, I WILL TRY TO GET BACK THE BAG OF GOLD PIECES FOR YOU... AND YOUR PEOPLE. BRAY HERE AND ASK THAT GOOD FORTUNE GO WITH ME!

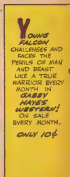
OH, I WILL, YOUNG FALCON.

YOUNG FALCON STARTS THE LONG, SLOW AND ARDUOUS CLIMB! FINALLY,

I NEAR MY GOAL, BUT A SLIP MEANS DEATH!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES

Tricked!

A THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, OWNED BY PRETTY ELLIE HENPSTEAD---

ELLIE, I'LL RIDE INTO RAWHIDE AND PICK UP THE GRUB YUH ORDERED FROM THE GENERAL STORE!



OKAY, FRED, GABBY'S SONS! NOW YOU CAN TAKE OUT THAT HORSE YOU INTEND TO ENTER IN THE TRICK RIDING CONTEST IN THE RODEO!

ALL RIGHT, ELLIE, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY WE'VE HAD TO KEEP SUCH A SECRET ABOUT MY HAVING BOUGHT THIS HORSE!

BECAUSE IT'LL BREAK POOR GABBY'S HEART WHEN HE FINDS OUT THAT YOU HAVE A HORSE THAT CAN DO MORE TRICKS THAN HIS HORSE, CORNER!

WELL, YOU BETTER THINK OF SOME STORY TO TELL HIM SOON. DON'T FORGET THE RODEO TAKES PLACE THIS AFTERNOON!



MEANWHILE, IN TOWN---

OUR HOSS IS A SURE THING TO WIN THIS TRICK CONTEST!

I'M NOT TOO SURE OF THAT, ALKALI. I JUST HEARD TELL THAT THAT'S AN HOMBER UP AT THE BAR NOTHING RANCH THAT HAS A TERRIFICALLY GOOD TRICK HOSS!

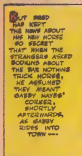
LOSER! YOU'LL LOSE! \$500 PRIZE FOR THE BEST TRICK HOSS!



BEFORE WE START GETTING EXCITED, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN CHECK UP ON THIS HERE HOSS YUH HEARD ABOUT, DEUCE.

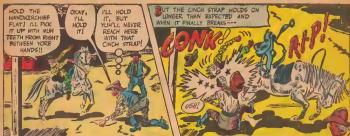
MAYBE THAT LOCAL YOKEL WALKING THIS WAY COULD GIVE US SOME INFORMATION!



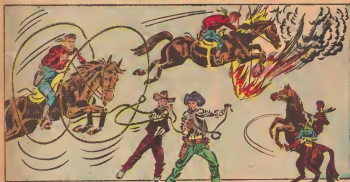















LOCO LEW

"SPECIAL
DELIVERY"



A portrait of a man with a long, flowing white beard and hair. He is wearing a red long-sleeved shirt and a green bandana with a yellow pattern. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of his head, containing text. The background is a solid orange color.

I AIN'T
NO POODLE
YUH ORNERY
SIDEWINDERS!
THIS IS
MUH NEW
HAIRDO!